

The Mirror

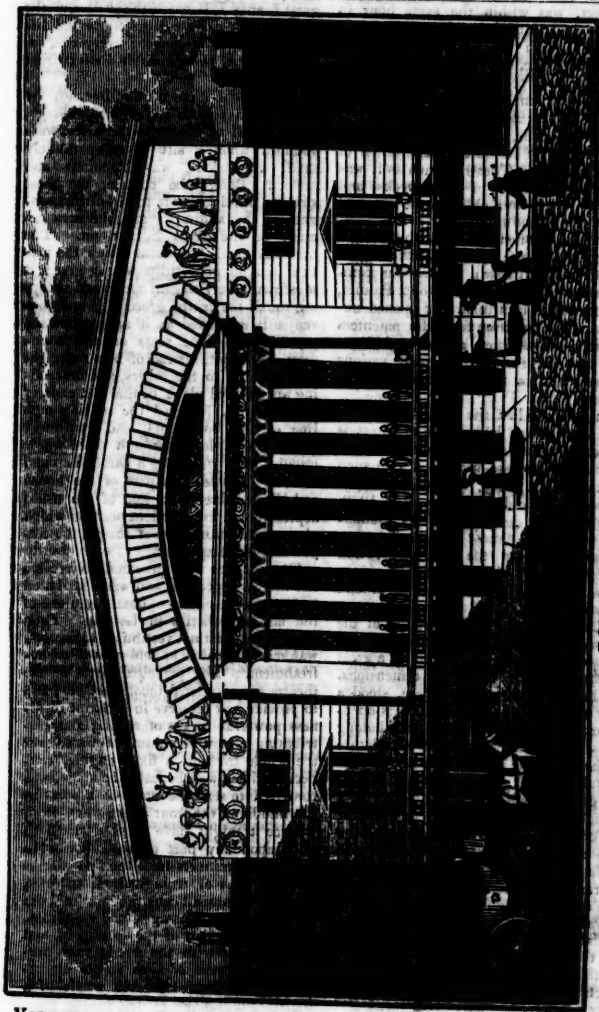
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 392.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1838.

[Price 3d.]



ROYAL BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

Vol. XI.

M

NEW BRUNSWICK THEATRE, GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

THE New Brunswick Theatre was intended for the illustration of the MIRROR some weeks since; and by a singular coincidence, the date of our last communication with the late proprietor, on the subject, was within the same hour in which this splendid building was demolished. With the afflicting details of the catastrophe, our readers must already be familiar; probably there never was an occasion on which public sympathy was more extensively awakened. Our present object is, however, to furnish the public with an accurate representation of the Brunswick Theatre—such as it was for the short space of a few weeks, and thus to rescue from oblivion the taste and ingenuity of the architect.

In a subsequent page will be found a notice of the site of the late theatre, in 1785, in which year a theatre was commenced building there by John Palmer, the celebrated comedian. It opened under violent opposition from the patentees of the great theatres, and struggled under succeeding managers with various success, until a fire in 1826, left it a hideous ruin.

In August last the first stone of the *new theatre* was laid. The architect is Stedman Whitwell, Esq. under whose direction the works proceeded with such unexampled rapidity, that the performances commenced February 25, 1828, *within seven months* from its foundation. It was the most characteristic theatrical façade in the metropolis, and resembled more than one of the minor Parisian theatres, and the front of San Carlos at Naples. Two grand piers on the flanks, surmounted by groups of the *genius of dramatic literature*, and that of *dramatic painting*, supported at a great height, an arch of noble dimensions. In the recess formed by these, stood a lofty and extensive row of pilasters opening upon a balcony which extended along the whole front. Above the entablature of the order, the front rose to a very considerable height; and terminated simply, but grandly, with the sloping lines of a pedimental outline without parapets or blocking courses. The intervals of the pilasters were filled with massive bronze treillage, studded at its intersections with patera. The capitals of the pilasters were original designs, and each contained a theatrical mask. The architrave bore the date of the erection, MDCCCXXVIII. On the frieze, imbedded in foliage of exquisite taste, were three losenge-shaped tablets or panels. In the original design,

the centre *recess*, immediately over the entablature, had a group—the *histrionic muse*, seated, distributing her rewards to groups of *genii*, who are contending for her favours; but this was not executed in the building.

On the balustrade, or parapet of the balcony, was a series of statues and vases of great beauty. Beneath the shelter of the balcony were all the entrances to the different parts of the theatre; every one, for the first time, being entirely distinct from the others.

The distribution of the interior, by which, conveniences and an area of stage, nearly equal to the largest theatres, were obtained upon a site of comparatively small dimensions, was ingenious and perfect. Before the curtain, the most striking novelties were the beautiful contour of the auditory; and the arrangement of the seats in the pit. The first was nearly the form which the vertical section of a tulip would give; it presented a very elegant curve, and sweeping round the centre, gracefully and conveniently expanded as it approached the proscenium. The seats on the boundary of the pit, instead of being straight lines parallel to the others, and descending an inclined plane behind the ends of the orchestra, followed the curving outline of the box-fronts, and continued upon a high level through their whole circuit: thus preserving a parallelism and harmony between this part of the house and those above it, in lieu of the usual depressed and inconvenient position which gives to the front part of the pit the appearance of being sunk.

The interior was prepared to receive two thousand persons, and was distributed into a pit, two circles of boxes, and one of the largest galleries in London. Each had its own distinct vestibules, staircases, waterclosets, saloons, and places of refreshment. The principal parts of the theatre were rendered incombustible; and to provide and preserve in constant readiness powerful means of raising and distributing an ample volume of water over the whole interior, a fixed engine, connected with a well beneath the stage, was contrived to send the water to a point in the middle of the front of the stage, from whence it might have been directed to play upon any part of the interior in about three minutes from the first alarm. The roof was of wrought iron, and of a novel and beautiful construction. All the stairs, staircases, passages, and vestibules, between every part of the spectator, and connecting it with the street, were fire-proof; and were of such ample dimensions as to have held the whole of a

crowded house perfectly safe, even if the rest of the building, stage, &c. had been in one general conflagration. This also afforded great convenience to the persons awaiting the opening of the doors previous to the commencement of the performance; and such were the conveniences of rapid exit, that the contents of any one part of the house might leave by any of the accesses of the other three, or by all of them at the same time. The warming and ventilating apparatus of Mr. Sylvester, so highly eulogized by Capt. Parry, had been fixed under his direction; and other peculiar arrangements and means suggested by him, had been adopted by the architect.

The theatre is said to have been erected at a cost of 25,000*l.*, and, as we have been assured by many friends who visited it, the interior was a series of unique contrivances for public accommodation, blended with tasteful elegance in the execution; whilst the exterior was recommended by novelty, simplicity, and harmony of design. We have introduced the central group into our illustration, notwithstanding its completion had been delayed.

The preceding details are partly abridged from a paper in the *London Magazine* for the present month. We have purposely abstained from any particulars of the accident by which this splendid work of art, in a few minutes, became a heap of ruins. We leave them to the daily press. Neither is it our province to interfere with the investigation now pending on the cause of the destruction of so much valuable property, with the still more afflicting consequences. It appears to have been a specimen of classic chasteness, and in every respect to have excelled the other metropolitan minor theatres; and it may be questioned whether its details were not more characteristic than even the architectural splendour of the Opera House, the massive, frowning grandeur of Covent-Garden, or the starved simplicity of Drury-Lane.

An ingenious correspondent has, with his usual alacrity, supplied us with a few antiquarian reminiscences of the site of the late theatre—consecrated by the first appearances of Garrick and Braham.

THE OLD THEATRE, GOODMAN'S FIELDS,—GARRICK, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

"GOODMAN'S FIELDS theatre (says Peppnant.) will be remembered as the stage where Garrick first shewed those astonishing powers, which for a number of years charmed the public. His first

appearance was in October 19, 1741. One Odel founded the playhouse in this square in 1728. It was extensively rebuilt by Henry Gifford in 1737, but was suppressed by the act for licensing of places of dramatical entertainment. It was, however, supported by an evasion a few years, during which time Mr. Garrick entered himself of the company; he drew an audience of nobility and gentry, whose carriages, strange to say, filled the whole space from Temple-bar to White-chapel."

"The character he first represented was that of King Richard III., in which, (says his biographer,) like the sun bursting from behind an obscure cloud, he displayed, in the very earliest dawn, a somewhat more than meridian brightness. In short, his excellence dazzled and astonished every one, and the seeing a young man, in no more than his twenty-fourth year, and a novice to the stage, reaching at one single step to that height of perfection, which maturity of years and long practical experience had not been able to bestow on the then capital performers of the English stage, was a phenomenon which could not but become the object of universal speculation, and as universal admiration. The rumour of this bright star, appearing in the east, flew with the rapidity of lightning through the town, and drew all the theatrical *magi* thither to pay their devotions to the new-born son of genius, where he continued to act till the close of the season, when, having very advantageous terms offered him for performing in Dublin, during part of the summer, he went over thither, where he found the same homage paid to his merit, which he had received from his own countrymen."—See *Biographia Dramatica*.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Goodman's Fields was only an extensive enclosure; and Stowe tells us, "that in his time, one Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there; and that the fields were a farme belonging to the nurrie (of the Minorities); at which farme I myselfe, (says he,) in my youth, have fetched manye a halfe penny worth of milk, and never had lesse than three ale pints for a halfe penny in the summer, nor lesse than one ale quart for a halfe-penny in the winter, alwaies hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained."

Goodman's Fields now consist of several handsome streets, the houses being large and convenient, with garden ground behind. Prescott, Aylif, Leman, and Mansel Streets, are mostly inhabited by rich jews. The initials of the four (just

named) streets, make the word *palm*. In the year 1787, several fragments of Roman urns and lachrymatories, &c. were dug up in a tender-ground in the neighbourhood.

P. T. W.

Retrospective Cleanings.

THE QUINTAIN.

IN the parish of Offham to the west of Town Malling (*Com. Kent*) stands a Quintain; a thing now very rarely to be met with, being a machine used in ancient times by youth, as well to try their own activity with the sword as their skill in horsemanship. It consists of an upright post about nine feet high, with a cross piece, like the vane of a weathercock, broad at one end and indented with many holes; at the other end was suspended either a wooden sword or a bag of sand. This swings round with great ease on being moved by a slight blow.

The Quintain was formerly a man erect with a sword (of wood) in his hand, and a shield in the other, or sometimes a bag or anything else was substituted by the less active youths for a sword.

The pastime was for youth upon horseback, with swords in their hands or canes, to run at it as fast as possible and hit the Quintain with much force on the shield. He that by chance did *not* hit it was treated with loud peals of derision from the others; but he who *did* hit it was obliged to put spurs to his horse and make the best use of activity, lest the Quintain should give him a return blow on his neck with the sword he held in his hand, which immediately swung round upon the Quintain's being touched.

This sport (which was first introduced to the British by the Romans) has been practised recently by the more refined; and in the *Times* newspaper of last year is an "account" of a party of noblemen and ladies going out to amuse themselves with the sport.

LONGEVITY AND CORPULENCY.

THE village of Boughton-street, Canterbury, extends for a considerable distance along the high road from London. The church contains a great many curious monuments: against the east wall in the north chancel, is a brick tomb, on which is a curious brass representing the deceased in jointed armour, with hinges, a very long sword, and a ruff round his neck, but no helmet. Over him are the arms of the family of *Hawkins*, and below him is the following inscription in black letter:—

"I nowe that lye withyn this marble stone
Was called Thomas Hawkins by my name;
My terme of lyfe an hundred yeares and one;
King Henrye the eight I served, whyche won
me fame,
Who was to mee a gracious prince always,
And made mee well to spend myne aged dayes.
My stature highe, my bodye bigge and strong,
Excellinge all that lived in myne age;
But nature spent, death would not tarrye longe
To fetch the pledge that lyfe had layed to gage:
My fatal daye, if thou desyre to knowe,
Beholde the figures written here belows.
15 Martii, 1587."

THE RIVER GESTLING

NOT far from Sandwich in Kent is a small river called *Gestling*, remarkable in being used for the execution of felons. A presentment was made in the reign of Edward III. before the judges of Canterbury, that the priors of Christ church had arbitrarily turned the course of the river, so that the criminals could not be drowned; and likewise that in another case they had diverted so much water that the stream was not capable of carrying the dead bodies to the sea, so that they remained a nuisance to the neighbourhood.

W. H. H.

The Sketch-Book.

THEATRICAL ACQUAINTANCE.

By Theodore Hook.

[THE author of the following sketch is unquestionably one of the most successful writers of the present day: how far his success is complimentary to public taste, is another question. We guess that among his admirers are such as threw aside the third volume of *Tremaine*, or returned it to their libraries *unwot*. Be this as it may, Mr. Hook possesses more knowledge of the *vulgarities of fashion* (if we may be allowed the term) than any living writer; his pictures may be farcical, sometimes even to caricature, but we do not hesitate in saying they have much truth, occasionally unwelcome to some, but interesting and not altogether valueless to many, as Sketches of Life and Manners. We think we can trace a strong resemblance between Mr. Hook's pen, and the pencil of a celebrated illustrator: there are dashes of humour, in each of their productions, far above the common-place, though not unfrequently *outré*. Nevertheless, they alternate with the lead of philosophy, &c., like the small weights of clocks, or little "thrice servants" with men of greater place. But it is now Mr. Hook's turn to speak.

The annexed scene is from his Third Series of *Sayings and Doings*. The principal character is Gervase Skinner, a stupid

country booby, whose penchant for theatrical acquaintance brings about the following drolleries] :—

After a suitable pause, during which the Thespians had by turns ridiculed and joked upon every piece of furniture and ornament in my hero's drawing-room, Skinner appeared; and just as Mrs. Fuggleston had declared with a sigh to young Mr. Kekewich, that she thought a boiled leg of pork and peas-pudding the most delicate dish in Christendom, was introduced to, and received by, that lady with one of her most graceful courtesies, and a look—*gods! what a look!* which nearly struck the modest squire to the earth.

"Sweet place, sir, you have got here," said the lady, with reference to the grounds which had formed the subject for their jests and drolleries five minutes before; "all in such good taste—so quiet—so retired—so—"

"Mrs. Mac Brisket, how do you do?" said Skinner, overwhelmed with the compliments of his new visitor, "you are no stranger, ma'am—Mr. Fugglestone, I am extremely glad to see you here."

"Sir," said Fugglestone, bowing, "you do as Lady Macbeth advises—

'Bear welcome in you eye, your hand, your tongue.'

Mr. Kekewich here presented his son to my hero, who gave him an equally cordial greeting; and immediately after proposed to the ladies, that the servants should show them the rooms destined for their night's accommodation, himself proceeding to point out the apartments of the two single gentlemen.

It was Mrs. Fugglestone's principle to honour the maker of a feast, and to reverence the master of a house. In a very few minutes she saw of what stuff Gervase was made, and determined to mould the unfortunate victim to her purposes. It was not merely at Bagdad Parva that she resolved to make him useful, she had more extended views than his small villa could command, and flew at higher game than chickens, tongue, or roasted pig. She was on the eve of a London engagement: Skinner had, early in the day, mentioned his intention of visiting the "great city"—to secure such a friend upon her first arrival in the metropolis would be most important. His money would procure certain articles of finery, which were wanting to her public magnificence. His protection would be every thing to a new comer—a patron from the country in her train would stamp her respectability and influence in the provinces; and give her a weight which, in addition to the testimonials of the doctor of divinity, and the two medical referees of the London

manager, would quite set her up. In short, it was pretty certain that whatever merit she might possess as a performer, her tact as a *manager* was by no means to be despised.

Skinner was quite enchanted with the brilliancy of his guests, although now and then a little puzzled at their allusions; their jokes were chiefly local or professional, and very frequently my excellent friend Gervase was, to use a modern phrase of general acceptance, "basketed." When he heard Fugglestone, who wanted a glass of something strong, "after his game," bid him—

"Summon up his dearest spirits;"

he took it literally, and, much against the grain, ordered up some Curaçoa, adding, that he, "upon principle," drank nothing but Hodges or Burnett, upon such occasions—"No sooner said than done," cried Fugglestone—and some of the commonest British full-proof was forthwith produced. The gist of the quotation was perfectly lost upon Skinner, when Fugglestone, taking the glass in his hand, exclaimed—

"Now is the woodcock near the gin;"

but still he laughed, until he nearly cried, because he saw the others laugh; and so, in truth, it was a mighty merry party; and not long before the ladies retired, Mrs. Fugglestone's feelings towards the squire had been made sufficiently manifest, by signs and tokens, which those who have mixed in such society, know to be given by certain conventional rubbings and treadings, performed under tables against the knees, or on the feet of the objects to be enlightened.

Fugglestone, who was no blinder than necessary, saw exactly what was going on; but he had so much reliance on his wife's prudence and knowledge of the world, that he rather enjoyed the fun, as likely to be productive of some benefit (whether merely theatrical or not, as yet he could not guess), than felt annoyed, at what a man of proper feeling would have set to rights in an instant: however, he was contented, and Mr. Gervase Skinner perfectly happy.

The ladies sat a prodigious time after dinner, nor would they have departed till much later, had not Mr. F., as his wife called him, actually driven them off by a quotation—

"The red wine must first rise in their fat cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them talk us to silence,"

cried he. "That's by no means genteel, Mr. F.," said the heroine. "It is a sort of a hint," said Mrs. Mac Brisket, hastily finishing a huge bumper which she had just begun to sip deliberately, in order that nothing might be wasted. "If you

are for a stroll," said Skinner unwittingly to the strollers, "you'll find a pleasant walk in the rookery: that is, if you don't dislike the noise." "What noise, sir?" said Mrs. Fuggleston.

"The cause, the cause, my soul,"

as Othello says," cried Fuggleston. "Exactly so," said Skinner, "the caws—that is what I meant." "O dear, not I," said Mrs. Fuggleston: "I think the sound quite romantic. It inspires a thousand indescribable feelings. And what a nice thing a rook pie is, Mr. Skinner, with a bit of tender rump-steak in the bottom of it." "Mr. Skinner has heard of chattering pyes," replied her husband, "in dismal concord sung, as Shakspeare says." "Well!" exclaimed the lady, "I never heard any thing half so rude as that in my life—come, Mrs. Mac B., let us beat our retreat"—and then, turning to our hero, she added, with one of her very best Lydian languishes, "you'll not be very long after us, Mr. S."

Poor Gervase! that was the finishing blow to the conquest—he could not speak; he looked again; and although it must be admitted that his countenance was not the most expressive in the world, he suited the action to the look, and pressing the hand which he so gallantly held, felt a reciprocal squeeze, which confirmed him in the opinion, that he had made a hit (or, as Mr. Fuggleston would have quoted it, "a very palpable hit,") and that Mrs. Fuggleston, for the first time in her life, was really smitten.

After the departure of the fair one, poor Gervase could not rally; and though he found that the wine passed briskly, and that his bell was rung rapidly under the active management of his vice, he was quite unfitted for the gay society by which he was surrounded. Kekewich, according to annual custom, sang a comic song, with "patter" (as he called it), between each verse: but the jibes and jests, which were wont "to keep the table in a roar," fell unheeded upon Skinner's ear. Nay, so perfectly abstracted was he, that he did not even detect the capital imitation of himself, for which, as I have before said, Mr. Kekewich was eminently famous in his own circle, and which that worthy personage, implicitly relying upon the impenetrability of my hero, actually introduced at his own table, for the purpose of delighting his play-fellows, at the expense of their host.

Pleasures, however refined, must have an end; and tea and coffee being announced, the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room; where they found Mrs. Fuggleston directing the administra-

tion of the former beverages with all the grace and elegance imaginable.

"We have not been long, Mrs. Fuggleston," said my hero. "To us it appeared long," replied the fair lady. "To me still longer," rejoined the squire, in a whisper.

"Oh, Mr. Skinner," said the lady, when she returned half-breathless to the drawing-room, and endeavouring if possible to get rid of any needless allusion to the past adventure, "Oh, Mr. Skinner, I have a lecture to give you." "Then, ma'am," said Gervase, "depend upon it, it will have its effect." "Then I'll tell you," replied the lady, "your housemaid is too pretty." "Do you think so?" said Gervase, who rather piqued himself upon the good looks of his establishment. "I never like to see pretty servants," said Mrs. Fuggleston, "particularly in a single gentleman's house." "Nor any where else," said Kekewich, in an undertone, to his son, who in his heart hated the Fugglestons; although his conduct towards them was sycophancy double refined. "I like being surrounded by good-looking people," said Skinner. "I don't know how it is, but a man feels, by reflection, good-looking himself, when every thing around him is handsome." "You need no such illusion, Mr. Skinner," said the lady. "Pretty well, I thank you, ma'am," said Fuggleston, in a stage whisper, "how do you do?" Skinner blushed crimson. "I know what I should do," said the lady, "if I were Mr. Skinner—I say nothing—but beauty, like every thing else, may be misplaced." "So may advice, my love," said Fuggleston.

"Advise yourself."

as Edmund has it." "I can assure you, Mrs. Fuggleston," said Skinner, "that your suggestion shall be law, for I am sure you have a reason for every thing you say." "And a motive for every thing she does," whispered Kekewich, senior, to Kekewich, junior. "No doubt," said Fuggleston, "Mrs. F."

"Hath reasons strong and forcible;"

but I cannot help thinking, my love, that Mr. Skinner is the best judge of what he likes best; and that it smatters something of presumption to dictate— "Dictate, my dear," exclaimed the lady, "I did not think of such a thing; I only suggested: did I, Mrs. Mac?"

This speech was accompanied by a look to her crony, Mrs. Mac Brisket, which was answered by a look from that lady, which at once unsettled Skinner's security of mind, as to the propriety of his servants, and their conduct; for such is the artfulness of a cunning under-bred wo-

man, that she can contrive, without saying a word likely to commit herself, to agitate and disquiet in a moment, minds which, for years before, have been as calm and as placid as mill-pools. What her object was, every body may guess; how the whole fabric of her scheming was suddenly overturned, as yet remains to be developed.

The evening wore on, and a round game was proposed. Mrs. Fuggleston would be Mr. Skinner's banker, and they joined their little stock of fish, and she peeped into Kekewich's hand, and played accordingly, and trod upon Skinner's toe when he was going to play wrong; and, in short, practised such manoeuvres, as might have subjected her and her new favourite to the pains and penalties of a bill of indictment, had the cash, of which their joint efforts conducted to despoil the rest of the company, amounted to any sum of sufficient importance to render such a process advisable. Indeed, the coupled facts that the master of the house and his fair friend sat next each other, and scarcely ever were "loo'd," while all the rest of the party suffered in turn, did not pass without some sly observations on the part of Mr. Kekewich, and some more home remarks from Mr. Fuggleston; however, as he, who saw no farther than he chose, considered that the moiety of the profits (probably the whole), of the card-partnership of Gervase and Amel-rosa, would find its way into the pocket of his better half, he looked on with complacency, and contented himself by playing cautiously, and thus contributing as little as possible to the amount of plunder.

After cards came a good substantial supper, at which the worthy guests exerted themselves with great activity; and after supper, came brandy, rum, and hollands; tumblers, sugar, lemons (on this special occasion), nutmegs, and all the et ceteras of punch-making: the task of "brewing" was assigned to Mr. Fuggleston, who accordingly prepared a copious jorum of the smoking beverage.

"Here," said the wag, "here are the

White spirits,
Red spirits and grey;

and those who don't like my punch-making, mix for themselves.

Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

And accordingly the whole bevy was in motion, all stirring, and filling, and mixing and drinking; until at last the sweet intercourse of eyes between Gervase and the actress, became too evident for even Fuggleston to wink at.

"Come, Mrs. F," said her spouse,
" 'tis

Time enough to go to bed with a candle," as the carrier says."

"I obey, sir," replied the lady, answering, with her eyes, that Mr. Skinner's liberal potation had somewhat too rapidly forwarded his familiarity. "Come, Mrs. Mac B. 'To bed, to bed.'"

"One moment, my dear," said the lady, who always had something in her glass to finish, when called away in a hurry; and hastily swallowing the remnant, of her "drink," she prepared to follow her leader.

Notes of a Reader.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

ONE of the most curious circumstances in parliamentary history is the committal of Charles Duncumb, Esq., M. P., an opulent banker, as close prisoner to the Tower, charged with making false indorsements on exchequer bills, Jan. 25, 1697. On the 29th being ill, his apothecary and his brother were permitted to see him, when he confessed his guilt, and was expelled the house. A bill was brought in for seizure of his estate, and passed, after great opposition—138 against 103. This bill being sent to the Lords, they desired a conference with the Commons, and not being satisfied, though he had acknowledged the fact, they discharged him from the Tower. On March 31st following, the Commons recommended him! We do not find in the Journals of the House of Commons, that anything further was done. "Duncumb," says Clarendon, "was a judicious man, but very haughty, and apt to raise enemies against himself."

EFFEMINACY OF THE ROMANS.

THE Romans, said Nigrinus to Lucian, dare to speak truth once in their lives—when they make their wills; and what use do they make of this liberty? why, to command some favourite robe to be burnt with them, some particular slave to keep watch by the sepulchre, some particular garland to be hung about the urn! And this is the end of a life spent in being carried on soft litters to luxurious baths, slaves strutting before, and crying to the bearers to beware of the puddles, and gorging at banquets, and being visited at noon-day by physicians; and all the bustle and tumult of the hippodrome, all the noise about statutes to charioteers, and the naming of horses."

* Perhaps some of our readers may be amused with hearing what sort of name a were fashionable in the old Roman stud. Spion has published an

Kissing their vest, their hand, their bosom—never, oh, never, thank heaven! their lips; these are the gentry whose fingers are so overburdened with rings, whose hair is so fantastically curled out, who answer one's humblest salute by proxy, and who are accustomed, nevertheless, to see beggars become viceroys, and viceroys beggars, as at the shifting of a scene.

KISSING HANDS.

MUNGO MURREY was a confidential servant and gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles I., who often entrusted him with private correspondence, an anecdote respecting which deserves notice. In February, 1646, whilst the king was in the power of the English commissioners at Newcastle, Murrey, having obtained leave of absence on pretence of visiting Scotland, was admitted to his majesty's presence for the purpose of kissing his hand. The commissioners, however, were so suspicious and watchful that they observed something put in his hand by the king; and having followed him, when out of the presence, they searched him, and found a letter in cipher, directed to Montreuil, the French agent. The letter was immediately sent up to parliament, and Murrey committed to prison but admitted to bail, after two days' confinement.

ICE SLEDGES.

WE remember, many years ago, two Englishmen fixing iron runners to a Russian sledge; with which, after rigging it with mast and sail, they started upon the Neva, and darted along at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour. Having, in their progress, observed a wolf crossing on the ice, they steered directly towards it; and such was the velocity of the sledge, that it cut the animal in two. They had no doubt that, with a double quantity of canvass, they could have nearly doubled the velocity.—*Quarterly Review*.

CONVICTS.

AMONG numerous instances of bare-faced hypocrisy among convicts on board of ship, Mr. Cunningham mentions that of one Breadman, who, on arriving at Sydney, was in the last stage of consumption, and unable to sit up without fainting. This expiring wretch, who grasped his

inscription which gives, among others, Dædalus, Ajax, Prometheus, Roman, Gætulan, Victor, Memnon, Wolf, Pard, Pegasus, Argo, Æther, Arrow, Bolt, Dart, Sparrow, Spider, and Flea; of which the majority were Africans.

bible to the last, mustered strength enough, while the hospital-man was drawing on his trousers, to stretch out his pale trembling hand towards the other's waistcoat pocket, and actually to pick it of a comb and penknife:—next morning he was a corpse. "Yet," says Mr. Cunningham, "during his whole illness, this man would regularly request some of the sober-minded rogues to read the scriptures to him, and pray by his bed-side!"

The women are described as infinitely more difficult to manage than the men; but those composing the cargo which our author once superintended, were pretty well kept under by "an old sybil of seventy," a "most trust-worthy creature," who had been, during forty years of her life, in all the houses of correction, prisons, and penitentiaries of the metropolis. Some of Mrs. Fry's reformed damsels from Newgate, very soon after getting on board, set about *papering their hair* with the religious tracts that this good lady had supplied them with for their edification.—*Cunningham's New South Wales*.

THE subscription for a monument to Mr. Canning amounts to nearly ten thousand pounds.

THE "Society for superseding the necessity of climbing-boys in cleansing chimneys," has recently printed a pamphlet of

Observations on the Cruelty of employing Climbing Boys," with Extracts from the Evidence before the House of Commons; and sorry are we to say, that such exhibitions as are therein described would be disgraceful to uncivilized tribes—they are indeed frightful pictures of cruelty and petty tyranny—such as will make the student of humanity sicken with disgust. It is truly lamentable that a society, with the SOVEREIGN at its head, should be requisite to keep a check on this system of oppression—and this, too, in one of the most refined nations of the world.

The pamphlet contains representations and descriptions of machines for sweeping chimneys, by which it appears they are applicable to chimneys of any construction. The society has established a person as a sweeper of chimneys by mechanical means only; who, in the year 1827, swept 822 flues, without meeting with more than thirteen cases in which he did not succeed.

AMBROSIAN LIBRARY, AT MILAN.

THIS establishment was instituted by Frederick Barronius, archbishop of Milan, and nephew of the celebrated St. Charles. It contains 15,000 MSS., among which is a Virgil, with extensive notes

by Petrarck, written in the margin, with his own hand. The most curious MS., however, is a copy of Josephus's antiquities, inscribed on leaves of the Papyrus of Egypt, and supposed to be 1,100 years old. Here also is in the possession of the librarian, a copy of the late edition of the Iliad, by the Abate Mai; eight only of which are published;—three out of the number are in England, and Lord Spencer, who purchased one, gave 4,000*l.* for it.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MEN AND CANDLES.

"An able chemist and physician declares his conviction, that it would be possible to transmute dead bodies into CANDLES."—*Times*, Jan. 1, 1823.

Now this idea, which the philosopher cannot sufficiently admire, has already been practically illustrated. Voltaire tells us, that, during the Irish rebellion, the bodies of the English slain were most economically worked up into candles. A good wife complaining at the huckster's that the candles were not so good as they were wont to be,—“That arises,” replied the tradesman, “from the scarcity of tallow; we can get but few dead Englishmen!” We cannot but regret that this important chemical truth was not enforced on the attention of the late Emigration Committee. The idea of transporting ten thousand human beings from their native land is shocking to every benevolent breast; but what a grand work of political economy to transmute this superfluous of humanity into candles!

There is a sublimity in the idea, together with evident profit. With this truth in view, and with a redundant Irish population, we may snap our fingers for the future at any chance of war with Russia. We will not, at the present moment, bring into figures the number of candles which every Irish family—allowing one able-bodied man, one woman, and nine children to each—would produce; but it is evident the produce would be immense. To be sure, from the natural irritability of the people, we do not believe an Irishman would burn as well as a Hollander: there would doubtless be an occasional spluttering from the taper. But, after gravely considering the matter, we do not see why England, (it being ordered to such effect by the solemnity of an act of parliament,) having on her hands a heavy Irish population, might not become a great exporting country. Nothing remains for the government

but to advertise for contractors, to furnish a certain number of journeymen tallow-chandlers, with a sufficiency of pipestaving, to be shipped immediately for Ireland; when, a due portion of the people being melted and hooped in the allotted casks, ships may be ordered to take in the produce at the several seaports, and the work is finished!

In considering this question, one knows not which sufficiently to admire—its ingenuity, or its evident humanity. But we would now speak of the philosophy of the question; or, rather, of those incidents which, in the adoption of the melting system in England, must give rise to philosophical disquisition. The dust of Alexander in a bung-hole is a startling mockery of human greatness; and yet we know not if a more painful sense of debasement, mingled with a touch of the ludicrous, would not be in the thought of the tallow of an Alexander—formed into the solitary rushlight of the wretched poor—depending from a nail in the empty cupboard. Cowper speaks of a candle in a strain which associates the taper with the most chilling and miserable attributes of want; it is in *The Winter Evening*—
“The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Droogled along at the cold finger's end,
Just when the day declined.”

What a situation—what a change for one of the mighty! It would be odd, too, to recognise, in the tapers of a ball-room, the remains of departed beauty. Contrasting the flame that shone from them with a recollection of their living brightness, we might exclaim with Gray,—

“Even in their ashes live their wonted grace.”

The melting system, indeed, once become general, there would be no end to the philosophical observations that must arise from it—to the ludicrous and touching contrarieties to which it must give place. Thus some future strolling actor might murder Otway and Shakspeare, before Kean, Young, and Kemble dwindled into the three tallow foot-lights! The gentlemen at Crockford's might see to ruin new dupes by the last remains of former victims. A dead husband, placed in the bed-room, might gutter away in the candlestick on the nuptial-night of his too-forgotten spouse. How many of our saints would be compelled to flare at masquerades and the opera! Parson Irving, made into long sixes, might serve to illuminate the dressing-room of some future Grimaldi; whilst Messrs. Egerton and Claremont, of Covent-Garden, might cast a light upon the Hebrew volume at the Jews' Synagogue. It would be a hard fate for the remains of a vegetable-dieted person to be used in any of our meat

markets: it would be no less hard for an author to fall into the hands of a trunk-maker—to afford a light for the pasting of well-remembered, unsold sheets. It would be grievous for a president of a Royal Society to be crammed into a bottle, and placed in a back garret, to twinkle the hours away, until the tenant—some *sans-culotte* bricklayer's labourer—staggered home, and puffed the ex-president out. We wonder how a tailor would burn in the room of a creditor; or how a timid lady would deport herself with pistols over the mantel-piece—or left alone with a party of carousing fox-hunters! Gentlemen of economical dispositions would certainly be most desirable—they would make the most of themselves. Lawyers, for instance, it would, we imagine, be very hard to put out; tax-gatherers would last for ever; sinecurists would be most unprofitable burning. Not so with some long-winded members of Parliament—the regular five-column men would be invaluable. Watchmen must sell at a reduced rate; they would give a dull, sleepy light—moreover, have a continual tendency to gather what housewives call *thieves*, about them. We wonder how Mr. Cobbett would burn!—certainly, with great economy; it would, however, we should think, be necessary to put him into a perforated lantern. Physicians and doctors would make but tolerable candles—they would always appear with “winding-sheets” in them. How it would irk the heart of a country gentleman—of a fine, unbending game-preserver—one who had imprisoned his fifty poachers a season—to be reduced into a “six,” and compelled to witness an illicit feast of hares from his own manor! We should not like to see a Jew rabbi upon the counter of a Christian pork-merchant; neither should we like to see a modern Brummell light his cigar at a Dr. Franklin.

Impartially weighing the good with the evil of the melting system, we feel convinced that the good must preponderate. It would, to be sure, throw the undertakers out of employment; but then it would add considerably to the body of the tallow-chandlers. The mutes might tear their hat-bands into garters, tuck up their coat-sleeves, and turn to their new trade. Besides, what tracts of churchyard ground might be brought into profitable cultivation! We have not yet calculated how many quarters of wheat might be raised on land at present cumbered with tomb-stones. If the relatives and friends of the departed would fain preserve some relict of the dead, they might empty the snuffers into rings and lockets: there would be an attractive and

poetic sensibility in this. The custom would also present a continual moral—a *memento mori*—would ever, at least at candlelight, be with us. One might speculate whether it was a second or third cousin on the table, and moralize accordingly. In small villages, which would doubtless burn their own population, the genealogy of every candle might be accurately retained, and the taper spoken of with becoming respect. Thus, when a light was required, the servant might be directed to “set up another Mr. Jones,” or “put one of Mr. Tomkins on the table!” And can it be thought that these worthy personages, whilst they diffused light, would not also give birth to those serious reflections so fervently advocated by all holy men? Certainly they must. On the general adoption of the system, that famous line,

“Out, brief CANDLE!”

will have a pointed warning, especially if addressed to a short, bulky liver.

We trust the public will think well of this proposition—that they will bring to its consideration a liberal and philosophic mind. After all we think a candlestick, whether of brass or silver, is a more decent temporary abode than five feet of wet earth. To be sure, some alteration must be made in the Burial Service; but we have bishops all sufficient for the task. For ourselves, we enter most heartily into the measure. We contemplate with singular complacency the possibility of our mortal remnant giving light to a knot of good fellows; to have the air about us impregnated with the spirit of wit and humour escaping from the talkers; to bend our flame as it were into a courteous recognition towards a late companion, who should solicit us with his Havannah; or, still better, to witness the studious hours of a friend, whose hand has scarcely ceased throbbing from our last grasp; to be promoted to his table, to burn over the volume—perhaps a legacy from ourselves; to witness his thoughtful eyes bent steadfastly upon the page, conning more than once some passage marked by the thumb-nail or the pencil of the dead. Surely, this is to cheat the worms for something! Is the reader yet converted to the “new light?” If not, we leave him to the melancholy brightness of the lackered coffin-plate, and, as the deep-thoughted “Eli” has it, to the “angel” and “well-wrought cramp-irons.” We think *Falstaff* would have been of our faith. How the old knight would have blazed over “a sack posset!” But he

* In a literal translation of *Macbeth* into French, the line is thus happily rendered:—*“Sortez, courtie chandelle!”*

had too much fat in him to be made into any one candle. Like *Romeo*, he should have been "cut into little stars," and used as flambeaux "between tavern and tavern."—*Monthly Magazine*.

"DO NOT FORGET ME, LOVE!"

"Do not forget thee," love?

No—by yon Heaven above,

Life's sun must set—

Whether prosperity

Come, or adversity—

Ere what thou'st been to me

I can forget.

Man may indeed forego

Love, with its weal and woe;

But the strong net,

Once spread o'er woman's heart,

Ne'er may again depart—

(Nature obeys not Art)—

Can she forget?

Dost thou remember, when,

Down in yon hazel glen,

First, love, we met?

Sweet as athwart the lea

Murmur'd the summer sea,

What was thy vow to me—

Dost thou forget?

What, though no priest below

Sanctioned the solemn vow,

Did we not set,

Stamp on each word of bliss,

Love's own best seal—skins?

And was it but for this—

Thus to forget?

There was indeed an hour,

When, spurning passion's power,

Bright eyes were wet;

Childhood, in calm repose,

Wept o'er its withered rose:

Who such pure tears as those

E'er can forget?

Love, with its hopes and fears,

Sprung up—why still with tears

Are those eyes wet?

Love, once so pure, sublime—

Love has become a crime—

Yet spare youth's errors, Time

Spare, and forget!

And thou, whose fatal smile

Play'd but round lips of guile,

Leave me not yet:

Did I not, young and free,

Sailing Love's summer sea,

Hope, home, friends—all for thee

Strive to forget?

What, though we ne'er again

Meet on life's stormy main

As we have met:

Still, 'mid the noon of fame,

Bright when burns Love's pure flame,

Henry, one little name

Do not forget!

Ibid.

Arcana of Science.

Properties of Charcoal

Among the properties of charcoal may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste, and colour; and as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be but rubbed over putrid meat, the bad smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid flavour is destroyed, and the water

is rendered comparatively fresh. The sailors are aware of this fact, and when the water at sea is bad, are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit into it to rectify it. Again, colour is materially influenced by charcoal, and, in numbers of instances, in a very singular way. There are numerous applications of this property of charcoal to useful purposes in the arts; if you take a dirty black syrup, such as molasses, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the colour will be removed. There are some properties in charcoal which appear to be mechanical rather than any thing else; but, for the purpose just mentioned, the charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colour, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; it will lose a great portion of its colour in the first filtration, and become tawney; and after repeating the process two or three times, you may destroy its colour altogether. It is a very hygroscopic substance, and therefore absorbs air and moisture in considerable quantity; it therefore increases in weight, on exposure to air after burning.—*Brande's Lectures*.—*Lancet*.

Composition for Washing in Sea Water.

Take a highly concentrated solution of the alkalis, soda, or potash, with an equal weight of any earthy base, (China-clay or porcelain earth is best.) These materials being mixed together are to be ground in a mill in the same way as white lead is ground, and this will produce a thick paste, one pound of which is sufficient to soften four gallons of sea water.—*Newton's Journal*.

New Holland.

A VERY small portion of New Holland is as yet at all known. The Dutch and French have visited certain parts of the coast, and Dampier, Cook, Flinders, and King have more minutely examined the rest, so that we have most of the bays and prominent headlands laid down with sufficient accuracy; but beyond this, with the exception of Sydney and its dependencies, not a mile of the interior is known. Discoveries, it is true, are slowly and gradually making, particularly to the northward on the eastern coast, where some harbours of no mean dimensions, and rivers of considerable magnitude have recently been found, where none had been supposed to exist, the overlapping of headlands having concealed them from the coasting navigator. Many great rivers, we have no doubt, will yet be found to exist on the northern and north-eastern coasts—were it otherwise, this immense continent would present a physical con-

affluence in its geographical phenomena, at variance with what occurs in all other countries.—*Quarterly Review.*

Bleaching Liquid.

When water is added to the chloride of lime, it effects its partial decomposition; one-half of the chlorine leaves the lime, and dissolves in the water; and this is the bleaching liquid of the shops, which is sold at a high rate, although it cannot cost more than a farthing a gallon. Sometimes this fluid is applied immediately to the substance to be bleached, but sometimes a weak acid is added to destroy the slight affinity of the chlorine for the lime, and you will see by this addition, how much the bleaching power of the fluid is increased. The manufactory of the chloride of lime is carried on on a large scale in the north of England, by passing chlorine into leaden chambers containing hydrate of lime in fine powder.—*Brande.*

Lime

Lime-stone is a substance of great importance in the arts; it gives us quick-lime when burnt, and the base of many cements, forming a mortar when mixed with sand, which has the property of gradually concreting until it becomes as hard as stone. It is also of great use in agriculture, to say nothing of its ornamental applications, which are very numerous. The fact is, that lime is one of the most important manures which we possess; quick-lime has the power of acting on animal and vegetable substances, so as to render them soluble in water; and it is in this way that the different vegetable and animal substances are rendered fit for the nourishment of plants, the lime itself becoming inert, and forming a valuable part of the soil. The lime, therefore, ought to be applied to the soil, or mixed with the other manure, as quickly as possible after it comes from the kiln; and hence the great impropriety of leaving heaps of it about fields, as you often see done, by which it loses its activity and usefulness.—*Ibid.*

Indelible Writing Ink.

Make a saturated solution of indigo and madder in boiling water, and in such proportions as to give a purple tint; add to it from one-sixth to one-eighth of its weight of sulphuric acid, according to the thickness and strength of the paper to be used. This makes an ink which flows pretty freely from the pen;—and when writing which has been executed with it is exposed to a considerable but gradual heat from the fire, it becomes completely black, the letters being burnt

in and charred by the action of the sulphuric acid. If the acid has not been used in sufficient quantity to destroy the texture of the paper and reduce it to the state of tinder, the colour may be discharged by the oxymuriatic and oxalic acids and their compounds, though not without great difficulty. When the full proportion of acid has been employed, a little crumpling and rubbing of the paper reduces the carbonaceous matter of the letters to powder; but by putting a black ground behind them they may be preserved, and thus a species of indelible writing-ink is procured, (for the letters are in a manner shaped out of the paper) which might be useful for some purposes; perhaps for the signatures of bank notes.—*Brande's Journal.*

Soils.

In affording warmth to plants, the earth is of considerable importance, and the power of accumulating and retaining it varies as much in soils as the proportions of their constituents. Sir Humphry Davy found that a rich black mould, containing one-fourth of vegetable matter, had its temperature increased in an hour from 65° to 88° by exposure to the sunshine, whilst a chalk soil was heated only to 63°, under similar circumstances; but the first, when removed into the shade, cooled in half an hour 15°, whereas the latter lost only 4°. This explains why the crops on light-coloured, tenacious soils are, in general, so much more backward in spring, but are retained longer in verdure during autumn, than those on black, light soils; the latter attain a genial warmth the more readily, but part with it with equal speed. An experiment which I have often repeated upon light as well as tenacious soils with like success, demonstrates how greatly the colour of a soil influences the accumulation of heat. Coal-ashes were sprinkled over half the surfaces of beds sown with peas, beans, &c., and on these the plants invariably appeared above ground two or three days earlier, obviously on account of the increased warmth; it being a well-known fact, that dark-coloured bodies absorb caloric more readily, and in larger proportions, than those of a lighter hue.—*London's Magazine.*

Tacitus relates the fall of a Roman Theatre, by which not less than 50,000 persons were killed or maimed. The Grandees of Rome, on this occasion, threw open their doors, ordered medicines to be distributed, and the physicians attended with assiduity in every quarter.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF
NEW WORKS.

PRINCE K——Y.

HE was a tall man, standing six feet four inches, with a countenance indicative of determination, if not of ferocity. A circular mark, in which the blue colour had begun to yield to the yellow, round his left eye, testified that he had not long before been engaged in personal rencontre; while the pustular excrescences that disfigured his aquiline nose, showed that he was not less accustomed to the combats of Bacchus than those of Mars. He wore a fur tiara, of enormous dimensions and a conical figure. A pewter plate, indented with the royal arms of England—gules sable, on a lion passant, guarded by an unicorn wavy, on a fess double of or argent, with a crest sinople of the third quarter proper, and inscribed with the names of several victories, won or claimed by the household troops of England, proved him to be a member of the Horse Guards. A red doublet, with a blue cuff, cape, and lappelles, was buttoned with mother-of-pearl buttons, reaching from his waist to his chin, where they were met by a black leather stock, garnished and fastened by a brass clasp, on which was inscribed, *Dieu et mon Droit*, the well known war-cry of the English nation. White kerseymere trousers, buttoned at the knee, and a pair of D. D. boots—as they were called from the circumstance of their having been invented by a Duke of Darlington—completed his dress. His arms were a ponderous cut-and-thrust sword, with a handle imitating a lion's head, sheathed in an iron scabbard, that clanked as he moved along. Over his shoulder was slung a carbine, or short gun, which military law required to be always primed, loaded, and cocked. A pair of horse-pistols were stuck in his leathern belt, and in his hand he bore a large spontoon, or pike. Such was the dress of the Hanoverian Horse Guards of England at that period; and such, even in secondary occasions, their formidable armour; for the absence of the hauberk, (or morion) and of the ponderous target of bull's-hide and ormoliv, showed that the gigantic Hussar was not at present upon actual duty.—*Whitehall.*

QUACKS.

FORMERLY the mountebank doctor was as constant a visitor at every market-place

as the pedlar with his pack. Almost all old customs, however, have ceased in our time, and these itinerants are now rarely seen. The travelling doctor, with his sany, I believe, is now no where to be seen in Great Britain; and the mountebank himself is become almost an obsolete character. Dr. Bossey was certainly the last who exhibited in the British metropolis, and his public services ceased about forty years ago. Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the north-west colonnade, Covent Garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by a broad step-ladder. On one side was a table, with medicine chest, and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations, he advanced, taking off his gold-laced cocked hat, and, bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, *ad libitum*, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age. It should be observed that the doctor was a humourist. An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair; she had been deaf, nearly blind, and was lame to boot; indeed, she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's three warnings, and death would have walked in at her door, only that Dr. Bossey blocked up the passage. The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response, in his Anglo-German dialect.—*Doctor.* Dis poora woman vot is—how old vosh you? *Old Woman.* I be almost eighty, sir; seventy-nine last Lady-day, old style.—*Doctor.* Ah, tat is an incurable disease. *Old Woman.* O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! Why you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches.—*Doctor* (smiling.) No, no, good voman—old age is vot is incurable; but, by the pleasing of Gote, I vill cure you of vot is elshe. Dis poora woman vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hospipetals have you been in? *Old Woman.* Three, sir; St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and St. George's.—*Doctor.* Vot, and you found no relief? vot none—not at all? *Old Woman.* No, none at all, sir.—*Doctor.* And how many medical professions have attended you? *Old Woman.* Some twenty or thirty, sir. *Doctor.* O mine Gote! Three sick hospipetals, and dirty (thirty) doctors! I

should vonder vot if you have not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora vomans has become mine patient. Doctor Bossy gain all patients bronounced incurables; pote mid de plesing of Providence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Coode peoples, dis poora vomans vas teaf as a toor nails (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater,) Gan you hear dat pell? *Old Woman.* Yes, sir—*Doctor.* O den be thankful to Gote. Gan you walk round this chair? (offering his arm.) *Old Woman.* Yes, sir—*Doctor.* Sit you town again, good vomans. Gan you see? *Old Woman.* Pretty so-so, doctor. *Doctor.* Vot gan you see, good vomans? *Old Woman.* I can see the baker there (pointing to a mutton-pie-man, with the pie-board on his head. All eyes were turned towards him.) *Doctor.* And what else gan you see, good vomans? *Old Woman.* The poll-parrot there, (pointing to Richardson's hotel,) "Lying old—," screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter. Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided, and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom, "'Tis no lie, you silly pird, 'tis all true as is de gospel." Those who knew Covent Garden half a century ago cannot have forgotten the famed Dr. Bossy. And there are those too, yet living in Covent Garden parish, who also recollect Richardson's gray parrot, second in fame only (though of prior renown) to Colonel O'Kelly's bird, which excelled all others upon record. This Covent Garden mock-Lird had picked up many familiar phrases, so liberally doled out at each other by the wrangling basket-women, which were often, as on this occasion, so aptly coincidental, that the good folks who attended the market believed pretty poll to be endowed with reason. The elder Edwin, of comic memory, who resided over the north-east piazza (improperly so termed,) used to relate many curious stories of this parrot. Among others, that one day, the nail on which her cage was hung in front of the house having suddenly given way, the cage fell upon the pavement from a considerable height. Several persons ran to the spot, expecting to find their old favourite dead, and their fears were confirmed, as the bird lay motionless; when suddenly raising her head, she exclaimed, "Broke my back, by G—!" Every one believed it even so, when suddenly she climbed up with her beak and claw, and burst into a loud fit of laughter. Nearly

underneath her cage had long been a porter's block, and, doubtless, she had caught the profane *apostrophe* from the market-garden porters, on pitching their heavy loads.—*Angelo's Anecdotes.*

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will;
Those quivering wings composed, that music
still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted
strain

("Twist thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thurle not the less the bosom of the plain!
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
Type of the wise who soar—but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

WORDSWORTH.

DISCOVERY OF HISPANIOLA.

On the 5th of December, while Columbus was steering at large beyond the eastern extremity of Cuba, undetermined what course to take, he descried land to the south-east, which gradually increased upon the view; its high mountains towering above the clear horizon, and giving evidence of an island of great extent. The Indians, on beholding it, exclaimed *Bohio*, the name by which Columbus understood them to designate some country which abounded in gold. When they saw him standing on in that direction, they showed great signs of terror, imploring him not to visit it, assuring him by signs, that the inhabitants were fierce and cruel, that they had but one eye, and were cannibals. The wind being unfavourable, and the nights long, during which they did not dare to make sail in these unknown seas, they were a great part of two days working up to the island.

In the transparent atmosphere of the tropics, objects are descried at a great distance, and the purity of the air and serenity of the deep-blue sky, give a magical effect to the scenery. Under these advantages, the beautiful island of Hayti revealed itself to the eye as they approached. Its mountains were higher and more rocky than those of the other islands; but the rocks reared themselves from among rich forests. The mountains swept down into luxuriant plains and green savannas, while the appearance of

cultivated fields, with the numerous fires at night, and the columns of smoke which rose in various parts by day, all showed it to be populous. It rose before them in all the splendour of tropical vegetation, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and doomed to be one of the most unfortunate.

And here it is impossible to refrain from dwelling on the picture given by the first discoverers, of the state of manners in this eventful island before the arrival of the white men. According to their accounts, the people of Hayti existed in that state of primitive and savage simplicity, which some philosophers have fondly pictured as the most enviable on earth; surrounded by natural blessings, without even a knowledge of artificial wants. The fertile earth produced the chief part of their food almost without culture, their rivers and sea-coast abounded with fish, and they caught the utia, the guana, and a variety of birds. This, to beings of their frugal and temperate habits, was great abundance, and what nature furnished thus spontaneously, they willingly shared with all the world. Hospitality, we are told, was with them a law of nature, universally observed; there was no need of being known to receive its succours, every house was as open to the stranger as his own. Columbus, too, in a letter to Luis de St. Angel, observes, "True it is that after they felt confidence, and lost their fear of us, they were so liberal with what they possessed, that it would not be believed by those who had not seen it. If anything was asked of them, they never said no, but rather gave it cheerfully, and showed as much amity as if they gave their very hearts; and whether the thing were of value, or of little price, they were content with whatever was given in return. . . . In all these islands it appears to me that the men are all content with one wife, but they give twenty to their chieftain or king. The women seem to work more than the men; and I have not been able to understand whether they possess individual property; but rather think that whatever one has all the rest share, especially in all articles of provisions."

One of the most pleasing descriptions of the inhabitants of this island is given by old Peter Martyr, who gathered it, as he says, from the conversations of the admiral himself. "It is, certain," says he, "that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water; and that 'mine and thine,' the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them. They are content with so little, that in so large a country they have rather superfluity

than scarceness; so that they seem to live in the golden world, without toil, living in open gardens; not entrenched with dykes, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly one with another, without laws, without books, and without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man, who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another; and albeit they delight not in superfluities, yet they make provision for the increase of such roots whereof they make their bread, contented with such simple diet, whereby health is preserved and disease avoided."

Columbus had at first indulged in the error that the natives of Hayti were destitute of all notions of religion, and he had consequently flattered himself that it would be the easier to introduce into their minds the doctrines of Christianity; not aware that it is more difficult to light up the fire of devotion in the cold heart of an atheist, than to direct the flame to a new object, when it is already kindled. There are few beings, however, so destitute of reflection, as not to be impressed with the conviction of an over-ruling deity. A nation of atheists never existed. It was soon discovered that these islanders had their creed, though of a vague and simple nature. They believed in one Supreme Being, who inhabited the sky, who was immortal, omnipotent, and invisible; to whom they ascribed an origin, who had a mother, but no father. They never addressed their worship directly to him, but employed inferior deities, called Zemes, as messengers and mediators.

The ideas of the natives with respect to the creation were vague and undefined. They gave their own island of Hayti priority of existence over all others, and believed that the sun and moon originally issued out of a cavern in the island to give light to the world. This cavern still exists, about seven or eight leagues from Cape François. It is about one hundred and fifty feet in depth, and nearly the same in height, but very narrow. It receives no light but from the entrance, and from a round hole in the roof, from whence it is said the sun and moon issued forth to take their places in the sky. The vault was so fair and regular, that it appeared a work of art rather than of nature. In the time of Charlevoix the figures of various Zemes were still to be seen cut in the rocks, and there were the remains of niches, as if to receive statues. This cavern was held in great veneration. It was painted, and adorned with green branches and other simple decorations. There were in it two images of Zemes. When there was a want of rain, the na-

tives made pilgrimages and processions to it, with songs and dances, bearing offerings of fruit and flowers.

They believed that mankind issued from another cavern, the large men from a great aperture, the small men from a little cranny. They were for a long time destitute of women, but, wandering on one occasion near a small lake, they saw certain animals among the branches of the trees, which proved to be women. On attempting to catch them, however, they were found to be as slippery as eels, so that it was impossible to hold them. At length they employed certain men, whose hands were rendered rough by a kind of leprosy. These succeeded in securing four of these slippery females, from whom the world was peopled.

While the men inhabited this cavern, they dared only venture forth at night, for the sight of the sun was fatal to them, turning them into trees and stones. There was a cacique, named Vagoniona, who sent one of his men forth from the cave to fish, who lingering at his sport until the sun had risen, was turned into a bird of melodious note, the same that Columbus mistook for the nightingale. They added, that yearly about the time that he had suffered this transformation, he came in the night, with a mournful song, bewailing his misfortune, which is the cause why that bird always sings in the night season.—*Irving's Life of Columbus.*

The Gatherer.

"This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peck
SHAKESPEARE.

PASQUIN OR PASQUINADE,

Takes its name from a cobbler at Rome, called Pasquin, famous for his sneers and gibes; and whose shop was the resort of a number of idle people, who diverted themselves with bantering folks as they passed by. After Pasquin's death, as they were digging up the pavement before his shop, they found a statue of an ancient gladiator, well cut, but maimed, and half spoiled. This they set up in the place where it was found, at the corner of the deceased Pasquin's shop; and by common consent, called it by the name of the defunct. From that time all satires and lampoons are ascribed to this figure. This statue is to be seen in a corner of the Palace of the Urini, at Rome, and lampoons are frequently put in its mouth or pasted against it.

P. T. W.

A SMART REPORT.

LORD ERKINE declared in a large party in which Lady E. and Mr. S. were present, that "a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail," upon which Sheridan presented Lady Erskine with these lines:

Lord Erskine at woman presuming to
rail,
Calls a wife "a tin canister tied to one's
tail,"

And fair Lady Anne while the subject he
carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading
comparison.

But wherefore degrading? considered
aright,

A canister's POLISHED and USEFUL
and BRIGHT,

And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the PUFFY to whom
it is TIED. W. D.

Praise was originally a pension paid by the world, but the *moderns*, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple; since which time the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves.

DEAD MARCH.

On the evening before Dr. Clubbe died, his physician feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more even than upon his last visit; "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression, for it, I will tell you what it beats—it beats the dead march."

Lines on a Horse in Devonshire.

Up hill hurry me not,
Down hill trot me not;
On level road spare me not,
If, in the stable I am not forgot.

Lines in Lambeth Church Yard,

ON JOHN ELLIS, AGED 40.
Life is certain, Death is sure,
Sin's the wound, and Christ's the cure.
L. N. G.

IRON ROOF.

THE roof of the New Exchange, at Paris, (see our last No.) is of wrought iron.

CONVENIENT LOSS.

It was said of one who remembered every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrowed, that he had lost *half* his memory.

Printed and published by J. LINBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.